

CANTO V.

"The second, with a bearded face,
 Stood singing in the market place,
 And stirred with accen's deep and loud
 The hearts of all the listening crowd."

LONGFELLOW—"By the Fireside—The Singers."

Within Okehampstead's stately halls
 The Normans sat around the board,
 And truth to say, those grand old walls
 Had never seen their present lord
 Feast there so large a number yet,
 Of knights and ladies, pages too;
 And there below the salt there sat
 The men-at-arms. and then a few
 Old Saxon serfs, who with the land
 Had come to Nerman Charles's hand.
 But hearken to the clattering gate!
 Who can it be that knocks so late?
 An aged pilgrim passing by
 Seeks Norman hospitality.
 Sir Oscar, for none else is he,
 Was brought before the jolly three,
 Count Conrad, and Sir Charles, and one,
 Whose name was Waldo Wolfenspun.
 There timid, frightened sat the bride
 Who had been torn from Oscar's side;
 Count Conrad's arm was round her slender waist,
 And Oscar wished to give his heart a taste
 Of Saxon steel, but sighing low.
 He managed to bend down a bow.
 "And who are you?" Sir Charles first said,
 "And pray how do you gain your bread?"
 Said Waldo Wolfenspun, "And where
 Do you hail from, my jolly frere?"
 Count Conrad asked.

"My name is Paul;
 Upon a pilgrimage to Rome;
 Cloistered Wells I call my home,
 Though 'tis girt round by convent wall.
 I am a Friar, yet often deign
 To sing a song of merry vein,
 To fight a round, to drink a glass,
 To trip a dance, to kiss a lass;
 But now, upon a pilgrimage,
 I e'en must always act the sage,